

THE SEXIEST WOMAN ALIVE

VERSION 1.2

>>



Esquire

AUGUST 2007

MAN AT HIS BEST

>> **CAN A WHITE MAN STILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT?** WHAT IT FEELS LIKE **OUR ANNUAL ALMANAC OF EXTREME EXPERIENCE** PG.89

IF SO, JOHN EDWARDS WILL HAVE TO BATTLE IMAGE, CANCER & THE FORCES OF HISTORY

COLBY BUZZELL GOES TO CHINA PAGE 108
HAS FUN PAGE 110

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A black and white close-up portrait of a man with dark, textured hair, looking slightly downwards and to the left. He is wearing rectangular-framed glasses with dark temples. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of his face. The background is a plain, light color. At the bottom, the Giorgio Armani logo and brand name are displayed in a serif font.

GIORGIO ARMANI

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GIORGIO ARMANI



GIORGIO  ARMANI



P R A D A

[continued on page 10]

August 2007/vol. 148/ep. 2



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American Gothic

This time, John Edwards is not all smiles as he runs for president. In fact, he is not entirely the same man you thought you knew.
[BY MIKE SAGER]

PLUS Page 64: The Beauty Contest
[BY CHARLES P. PIERCE]

THE SEXIEST WOMAN
ALICE BAKER

Who is she? The five-month-old is taking a video course.

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PAGE 108 **DIGGING A HOLE ALL THE WAY TO AMERICA**
Shenfeiders—one of those brand-new Chinese megacities that people refer to when they say the future belongs to China. But what does that mean? Apparently, the future will be full of call girls. Wal-Mart and McDonalds.
(BY COLLEY BURGESS)

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ALL THE WORLD'S A JOKE
AND LARRY CHARLES IS
JUST PRESSING RECORD.

He wrote for Seinfeld and directed Barot. And now America's most disreputable guerrilla filmmaker is looking for new punchlines. Say hello! BY BENJAMIN ALPER



PAGE 1



**WHAT I'VE
LEARNED:**
KILLER KOWALSKI
80 PROFESSIONAL
WRESTLER

“Don’t get a day later and
begin a new day
Don’t. Cayenne pow-
der is better.”
—INTERVIEWED BY
CAL HUGHMAN

ON THE COVER: JOHN THORNTON; PHOTOGRAPH BY EXCLUSIVELY FOR PORTLAND SYRACUSE; THE GILMORES AND JEREMY SAINT; GILMORES AND SAINT; SYLVESTER FOR ELITE AT ATLANTA; PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERRY WILSON

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ESQUIRE STYLE: TEN POINTS OF VIEW



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vtech

"The story was spectacular. It had everything a hot-blooded male Esquire reader could possibly want: guns, murder, international espionage. Or so I thought."



In an issue filled with so much helpful advice that we called it our "most useful issue ever"—with tips ranging from how to wear a suit to how to massage a foot—what generated the most response was one of the few stories that wasn't ostensibly useful: a profile of a man with a highly active imagination.

TRICKY SUBJECT

Writer of large Tom Hanks thought he'd found a great story. A former navy man for a private security firm who had become head of security at a Michigan nuclear plant wanted to reveal the atrocities he'd been asked to commit

in Afghanistan and Iraq. But as *Amos* (we've got the story full apart, revealing a dangerously unbelieved man responsible for protecting one of our nation's most vulnerable facilities ("Here we go," *Amos*). *Amos* was a story in one of the most compelling magazine

stories I have ever read. It signals how valuable we really are in the dark corners of the world today at Qaddafi's back seat. "Why go through all the trouble of acquiring and smuggling a nuclear device into the U.S. when all we have to do is recruit one of the William Clark who are already there? Let him bring it his way in the door and proof—their goes to American city."

KEVIN K. DUNN
Cory Corbin, *It's*

Autobiography was a good one. It had everything a hot-blooded male Esquire reader could possibly want: guns, murder, international espionage. Or so I thought. Near the last quarter of the story, I became so thoroughly depressed that I almost put the magazine down. Clark's last? You've gotta be kidding me. I'm sure it was a warning for *Amos* to figure himself in the line of the process of writing, but to be full means about reading such a great article, only to find out the whole thing was a hoax? I wanted to cry.

COLETT BROWNE
New York, N.Y.

You couldn't imagine a story like these fantastic, anti-social psychotic in charge of security at a major and American nuclear reactor. The only problem here is this appears to be true. Thanks for speaking the hell out of me.

TIM FLEAH
Rochester, N.Y.

The fact that Clark was not the steady-eyed killer that he pretended to be was much more interesting than the

possibility that he was. I've recently heard that Blackwater claims to have twenty thousand operators under arms. How many of them can really be the best? I've heard, perhaps, that the image suggests. Surely *Amos* didn't want the one hour to take in the experience.

CHUCK WILLEN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

V CONTEXT-FREE HIGH-LIGHTS FROM LETTERS WE'RE NOT RUNNING

"Your college sweetheart left you for a pretentious mayor, but that doesn't mean we all have to suffer."

"I can remember a young boy floating on a tube on Bolton Lake, and when asked what he was doing, he replied, 'Just fantasizing.' Now I know what it might have been about."

"So what if he worked 130 years in Hollywood? I worked 65 years in schools and churches by age 22."

"How many times can I fall in love today?"

"Tom Hanks laughs and memes a woman from my church. So does Brad Pitt."



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Three Years Later

ACTIVE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 2011 [see next Charles](#)

Perkins tried to try to find the future of the Democratic party in America. President Bush had taken the oath of office in January and the opposition party was in a decay. It wasn't all that clear who would lead the Dems or what they stood for. Al Gore, having distanced himself from the accomplished administration, So Quailie set out to find the people of the party to build become

vacant, and entertaining story that no one read. Charlie's of being included in the October issue, which hit news-stands around September 11, 2001. I don't think many people

field that issue, though it was a fine issue of *Esquire*. We all had other things on our minds. During Charlie's tour of the country, though, he called me only once from North Carolina, to tell me he had just met the future president of the United States. Charlie is an excitable man, prone as the best humans are to occasional hyperbole. But he takes his politics seriously, and he was in earnestst when he called me to tell me that he had just met John Edwards for the first time.

For most John Edwards since then, and I hope to admit that I was less impressed (it seems several months after he and Jane Kelly lost the national election to Bush). These editors and I had breakfast with him at the Regency Hotel in New York. I remember a few things: First, he was fifty minutes late. Second, he was reserved and suspicious, despite the fact that the breakfast had been arranged by a mutual friend who had offered assurances that we had no agenda other than to explain the press to meet him. And third, the only point at which he became anything other than reserved and suspicious was when a couple of the kind of financial industry power brokers who breakfast at the Regency came by to say hello.

Though at the time I had already wagered money on my contention that he would be the next Democratic presidential nominee after that breakfast I wrote him off. And, for the most part, he's being written off now. Most political observers assume that it will be Senator Clinton who will seize the nomination.

But as I have watched the early months of the campaign—and now after reading Charlie and Mike Sager on Edwards—I think it's a mistake to dismiss him just yet. One of the true defining social phenomena of the first seven years of the twenty-first century is the one that Edwards has faced

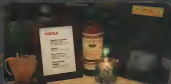


Backup Fire Vision gauges. A Bluetooth Hands-Free Phone System.[®] Sculpted, leather-appointed seats. And a DVD-based navigation system[®] that can direct you to five unique different points of interest. Tulsa, Houston, thank no one but here. To learn more, visit NissanUSA.com.



SHIFT_expectations

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WOMAN

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best of women writers of
the 19th century, this book
is a must for anyone who
wants to know more about
the lives of these women.
It is a book that should be
in every library.

[illegible]

—EATON/STANLEY WILLIAMS

★ **ENDING CAMP CLASHES**
THAT TWO JOKE
HELL BE FIGHT
TO EVERYONE

The Leisure Meter

HOW TO ALLOCATE YOUR FREE TIME THIS MONTH

Stunning One-Edged Angelic Style
Mick Jagger's understated look is out of
how he turned a paper clip into a new
house through a series of trades.
Couples: 2 hours

Spilling a mealtime—most make
a healthy new mealtime because a
fewer political victory in the last 100
years—McCormick & Schmick's
a national chain and a new bar menu
chicken salad would make a good
replacement of Jerry Thomas's
Boulevard, 30 minutes

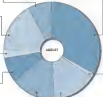
Pinning a few more while you relax in
friends how you could've been that
gay with the paper clip, 1 hour

Sweating through the DVD release
of *Rocky II*, a documentary
about movie producer Chang
Wu's attempt to make a Wu
Yang (Chia) release in 1981 and the
difficulties that nearly derailed the
show was a moviehouse release, an
uncompromised event still, and a
crack add-on, 40 minutes
1 hour 48 minutes

Unleashing the Moon Lake Film, a new album from
Ariana Grande in Italian and Australian electro-pop
world then sounds like the B-12's of the pop world of a
best band, steel drums, and more tubes, 1 hour

Don't let the summer debut, even,
The Fighter, about two brothers
whose dreams start to collapse
on a home movie fight, 4 hours

Pinning a film
with the new guy
whose director
story comes on
with your
spend, 10 minutes



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GUIDE

SEX & ANSWER FELLA'S STYLE

THE NAME

[illegible]

Be confident. Button your jacket. It takes 20 pounds of your silhouette. Never button more than one button on a jacket. Know your friend inside what you like. That'll be your signature. Americans have grown too accustomed to being comfortable. I find a different kind of comfort when I know I look good. You can't wear trendy clothes for ever. Everyone has to grow up sometime. That being a Miss Jagger can be a pretty much anything she wants to. All of this is your personality.



Michael Burton, Director of Interior Design - Enclave



Technical artistry can be a beautiful thing. Especially when you're in the driver's seat. Michael Burton's approach to design is one part math, one part magic. You sense it in the perfect proportions of Enclave's QuietTuned® interior, with three rows of first-class seating. And feel it in the sumptuous available silk-infused seats. Enclave's rich mahogany steering wheel is a 360-degree sculpture, while its lustrous chrome accents turn "bling" into a technical term. Burton's team gave Enclave's available sunroof a stylish companion skylight. Then added a precise quartz analog clock—although when it comes to Buick luxury, you already know what time it is. Artful design makes you look and feel good while you do your thing. With Enclave, designer Michael Burton has definitely done his. Enclave. Starting at \$32,790.* **Drive Beautiful.™**

The New Enclave. The finest luxury crossover ever.

As shown. As equipped. MSRP. \$40,270.*



THE GUIDE • GROOMING



The Fresh Man

YOUR TUNA-SALAD SANDWICH doesn't care if you're not in a position to brush your teeth. It's still going to be on your breath, and if you don't do anything about it, your next conversation. Luckily, there are plenty of products that are more convenient than toothpaste. Everyday for a week, I had the same lunch—a generic chicken sandwich on a cracker—and every day I had a new breath freshener. My results: below. My indignation: horrible.

—RODNEY CUTLER

MOUTHWASHERS

SCOPE

This standard covers a little stick-and-wash kind of like singing through syrup. But it left a fresher, so I'my mouth when I used for hours. \$3.50. getscope.com



COTYNGER

My favorite of the bunch. It didn't last as long as I would've liked, but it tastes great and does the job. \$2.65. coty.com



TONGS OF TITANIUM

My mouth felt clean, but the "all-natural" moisture tasted horrible. Like drinking pure tooth oil out with hope sweet. \$6. tomsofmetal.com



POCKET ITEMS



\$6.99
Tough not appropriate for the office. It still does the job. \$2.50. 800-674-4536

SMALLER CUTICLES

A concentrated spray that's not all that effective. Also, using it made me feel like I should have washed my hair and a streak of GHS in the nape. \$2.99. aspharo.com



ALMONDS
Anybody's hairy solution if you're walking between meetings. \$2. almonds.com



THE ENDORSEMENT

MUSK

Should the opportunity present itself, take a whiff of Doice & Gabbana's new cologne, Light Blue Pour Homme. Smells good, doesn't it? Manly, earthy, vaguely spicy—all the things cologne should be. That's because among its many ingredients, it contains musk—o, more specifically, a synthetic compound that smells like natural musk. Derived from musk deer and muskwood for centuries, it's hard to describe what, exactly, musk smells like—it's musky, you know—but when paired with the right mixture of scents (as it is here), it can make anything, including you, smell like a man. 468.677.551-7257

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AVAILABLE STARTING IN OCTOBER

THE GUIDE • DRINKING

ALTERNATIVE FUELS

IF YOU DON'T DRINK CACHAÇA NOW IS THE TIME TO START BY DAVID WONDRIK



SOMETHING LIKE HALF THE CARS in Brazil run on ethanol. That means no diesel fumes from cars, but you also sacrifice all sorts of great easy-on-the-stomach afternoon grilling-out beverages. The National Cocktail of Brazil, I find this so anytime. Until recently, most of our imported cachaca—the sugarcane distillate that gives the spirit its taste—was made in low-end distilleries with high heat. Flavors, with a lingering hint of burnt rubber.

There's a chance, however, for every metropolitan gridlock-wrecker, Brazil now has a hundred tiny artisanal brands, which take the raw sugarcane juice the small it made from, ferment it, and then run it through an old-fashioned copper pot still. Usually they'll bottle it up right then, but sometimes they'll age it for a year or two (or, occasionally, 30 or 120 months) made out of exotic original woods—papaíba, umburê, qê—that take the flavor into realms unexplored by distillers of the southern hemisphere.

Fortunately, the recent boom has opened the door to crack in for some of these brands into the U.S. Here, three favorites.

Catch the grade: BASIC

When it comes to cachaca, you generally want something smooth and rich but without all the funk found in industrial-grade cachaca. Several of the new brands deliver on this score: Aguardo Delicatado from Seguridade Uniao. But our favorite by a mile is the lovely **OF Azeite (H&D Duro 557)**, which is clear and bright but has an appealing, liquid-like edge.

Cachaca grade: ADVANCED

Then again, sometimes you want a lot of funk in your cachaca. That's where the **Germeia (303)** comes in. Aged in French brandy, it combines sugarcane sweetness with a head-turning oak-maturation madness that quickly becomes addicting. There's nothing else like it.

Sipping style

Some cachacas are just too expensive and tasty to load up with lime bats and sugar. Take the **GRAM (955)**, a blend of cachacas aged in some of Brazil's exotic woods. Rich and tropical, fruity, and undeniably delicious. At the same time it's bone-dry and not elegant. Not bad for a boozier but not best of all.

HOW TO MAKE A CACHAÇA

1. Cut up a cane as shown below.
2. Put 2 cups of sugar in a smallish, heavy-bottomed mason jar. Add the cut-up cane and combine everything together with a wooden muddler (press just enough to extract all the juice, not so much as to make a paste).
3. Add 2 oz. rum.
4. Add crushed ice and stir.
5. Serve like mad.

HOW TO CUT THE CANE

With a sharp pocket knife, slice off the ends, cutting for straightness. Remove the white pith.



Cut the cane in half lengthwise.



Cut inside white, then part leaving the length of each half.



Flip the half over and make two evenly spaced cuts lengthwise and one crosswise.



Push the pieces in your glass and make your cachaca.

DEPHILIA! WINES TO AVOID

It's easy to avoid substandard vino when you know what to look for. Just give your palate a thorough inspection for any of the following suspicious signs.

BY TODD LEVIN & MIKE SACKS



- Vague dating
- Unusual blending
- Atypical vinetel
- Catchy slogan
- Delicious presence



- Questionable distributor
- Nongovernment warnings
- Broad recommendations
- Exaggerated distractions

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THE GUIDE • THE BETTER MAN



+ DR. OZ SPEAKS

THE BETTER MAN GETS A TAN*

*NOTE: ACTUAL TANNING NOT NECESSARY OR FOR THAT MATTER ADVISABLE

UNLESS YOUR BEACHSEAN already includes a water wings, you should've saved someone to tell you to put on sunscreen. It's partial being an adult. But what a lot of people don't realize is that some sun is good for you. The sun converts your cholesterol into vitamin D, which is important to reduce cancer and promoting bone health. To reap the sunlight, no vitamin D, severe cancer. Which means you should get at least a few minutes of sunlight a day, ideally in the morning or evening when you're less likely to burn. It's when you're out longer than these few minutes that sunscreen becomes important. Just pick the right one by following these five, simple rules:

- **You need SPF of at least 30.** It's the same price as 15, and a lot more people apply only a quarter of the amount they should, you'll be pretty safe if you're one of them.
- **Check for UVA protection, too.** UVA rays, a type of ultraviolet light that penetrates deep beneath the skin to target where the cells are made and, well, mutate, where they're easily damaged.
- **Waterproof.** Advantase doesn't exist here: each sunscreen you apply it'll wash off.

Dr. Mehmet Oz is a heart surgeon and the coauthor of *You On a Diet* and *You: The Smart Patient*.

• The Endorsement: Staying Indoors



SURE IN AUSTIN, TEXAS, when it was hip and I was not. When we went, together at Barton Springs, everyone got naked in certain Hill Country lakes, and a few times were lured by all, except by me. I found it degrading. Bears got naked out of doors, not human beings.

When my son was five, I went with him to birthday parties for other kids. Sometimes the *Venture Lady* would be there: two kids paid her to bring rodents and bugs into their homes for entertainment. My son and I were neither frightened nor amused. We were frightened and disgusted. Such things do not belong indoors.

I'm an arthropod aficionado and proud of it. What makes humans more than just another crawling animal—in fact, everything that enables our survival, because in animals we're little more than a voice of prey—is reason. Our clothing and shelter shield us from nature's homicidal embrace. Too much sun will kill you. Hot. Cold. Dead.

Moderation? Tell it to lightning on the *Venture Lady's* nanobots. Freshen' yourself and sandshave? It's not making. I say melanin. I say we crank up the AC. For a little rest, and grab a nap.

—SCOTT RABAO

DR. OZ'S SUNSCREEN CRIBBAGES



Coppertone Sport sunscreen (SPF 30) stays on your skin longer and it's got extra moisture that keeps your skin soft.



This little peeper, Coppertone Global Health Body SPF 30 (SPF 30) is a good one. Not many sunscreens can count before they're as a cosmetic.



If you're not a fan of tanning, you can use this stuff to keep your skin moist. It's a good one. Try it. It's a good one. Try it. It's a good one.

MORE REASONS TO HAVE FUN AT THE BEACH

WHAT WERE ONCE ENJOYABLE RELAXING ACTIVITIES CAN NOW BECOME PARTS OF A RIGOROUS FULL-BODY WORKOUT.

1) When you're a foot in the water, it's a full-body workout. There's no need to worry about your legs.



2) Play sports like Frisbee or catch on the dry sand for a better full-body workout.



3) Go out in the water to where you can't touch. Try to hold your breath for a while.



Photo: © 2007 Yves Saint Laurent

L'HOMME
YVES SAINT LAURENT

SHEER MAGNETISM





The Ethics Paradox

If people's moral beliefs entertain you, are you a bad person? An investigation into a strange new hypocrisy.

→ PART 1 SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I attended a public screening of the Ralph Nader documentary *An Inconvenient Man*. It is a well-balanced depiction of a wholly respectable citizen, the only downside being that I was forced to watch this movie in Manhattan. But something strange happened near the film's conclusion. Three rows behind me, an older gentleman in a wheelchair began to weep. This seemed to be the product of some type of seizure. For a moment, I found the person weeping. But then that moment became one moment, and then it became three moments, and then it became two minutes. And nobody, including me,

did anything. There were at least a hundred people in this theater, all watching a television movie about a human-interest subject, and we all listened to an elderly stranger have a weeping-inducing seizure for two minutes. Eventually, some tears had dripped back of the film screen down the side, soaked the old man off the wheelchair, and wheeled him into the lobby. "This could've been me," some couch-crazy confidante, thereby allowing us to continue learning about the importance of activism.

I think about this episode a lot, but it is primarily because it makes me feel guilty, but mostly because the situation created so paradoxical and unpredictable a scene. We were actively watching a movie about ethics, yet consistently ignoring every ethical impulse any normal person should have. Why would a theater full of people sympathetic toward (or at least interested in) Ralph Nader completely disregard a stranger who clearly needed help? There are two possible explanations for why this happened. The first is that modern Americans are inherently lazy, openly hypocritical automatons (which, I mean, could be, is not exactly a new theory). But better

If for anyone living outside of New York, I can't give you one critical tip: If you ever plan on visiting Do we understand movie that contains even the slightest political message. The audience will ruin the experience every time. Whenever people in New York watch movies about politics, they feel some ethical, above all else, in order to make sure whenever the film makes any passing reference to George W. Bush, and they always make sure to laugh (or—sorry—right dramatically) whenever the viewer's narrative connects that the movie may, in the past, political issues. They become nervous in New York usually think that personal opinions are more interesting than any movie ever made.

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the second, less obvious possibility: Perhaps the audience—and I include myself here—did not sense any meaningful relationship between the experience of watching *Am* and the experience of watching *the* man alive. It seems like those two things should be connected, and I'm sure the film's director intended it to speculate on race and identity between Nader's racial integrity and the application of values in everyday life. But maybe that expectation is unrealistic. Maybe this rarely happens. In fact, maybe that never happens. And that prompts a larger, more abstract question: Is it unethical to be concerned by the accuracy of someone else's ethics?

PART II: LAST SUMMER my girlfriend returned home early from work on a Wednesday afternoon. I was sitting on the couch, shirtless and unshowered, listening to the *Grateful Dead*'s *American Beauty*, eating some coconut shrimp, and reading a book about the CIA. She, perhaps predictably, asked what the fuck was happening. "It's a hippie now," I replied. "This is my new thing! It's so new, I can't believe it's only going to be hippie stuff."

A Slam-Dunk Contest

WILL MARSH is a 5-foot-10-inch Irish-Bosnian Celtic legend. He is also seventy-three years old. So I wonder: Can Bill Russell still dunk above that? My impression is that he couldn't. I suspect he'd rather ankles would start to pop upon impact with the hardwood. But believe there is a seventy-three-year-old man from Ireland who could show you down with authority. And this prospect begs a related question that's even more intriguing: Who is the youngest person in the world who dunked? I thought I have no justification for making this claim (I believe there is a man, age 16, who can do this). He might live in China or the Sudan, but I am certain that such a human exists. Much to my boyish regret, Guinness World Records does not address the issue of the oldest and/or youngest person to dunk. As such, I am opening the floor to solutions. If you believe you are either the oldest or youngest person to dunk, a news junkie (or an illegitimate hoop-waiver) is interested in meeting (and you can prove it), please contact me through Twitter. * The world needs to know this.

* To nominate yourself, go to enquire.com/dunk.

This was (truly) my intention. Twelve months ago, I woke up and suddenly decided that I would become a hippie. To be frank, it didn't occur that racial is a transference. But my girlfriend issues from the Pacific Northwest, where being a hippie is still a legitimate occupation.

"You can't do this," she said. "You can't just wake up and declare yourself a hippie."

"Don't point your plastic fingers at me," I said in response. "You just can't accept my people freedom. Why don't you go out and buy me the new issue of *Roller*?"

"That is above your problem," she continued. "You do this sort of thing all the time. It is offensive to take someone's authentic identity and unilaterally embrace it as most of my typical features simply to fabricate a clever way of explaining why you're too lazy to get an adult haircut."

"I disagree," I said. "I don't see why I can't just declare myself a hippie for ex-

* This was part of what drove me to the hippie lifestyle. It's incredibly easy to see someone, say words to the same effect as the ones I wanted to deliver to "Roller."



periment purposes. I don't understand why I need to embrace any specific hippie belief. It would seem like being a third-order consciousness of hippie should be totally acceptable in this open history, and perhaps even preferable. Embrace the right to deny any motivation for adopting the common qualities of its members' hipness. Moreover, I grow tired of this debate. Here, I don't see how I can avoid declaring myself a hippie for the purpose of *Roller*.

"So are a diagnosis to all hippies?" she said in disgust. Which is a pretty damning charge, all things considered, it's also to call someone a diagnosis to all former Buffalo Bulls running backs.

PART III: ARE NORMAL PEOPLE still interested in the music of Trent Reznor? I can't tell. The latest *Nine Inch Nails* album, *Year Zero*, sold 152,000 copies during its opening week in release, but record sales are no longer an indicator of anything. However, I am heavily aware of Reznor's ongoing ability to fascinate rock writers and magazine editors, virtually all of whom see him as either a genius or a hateable goth bag. It's hard to figure out how he fed about this idea. His two towering career achievements are 1) a collection of brilliant, expressive soundscapes that sound (and feel) like some futuristic technology would create, and 2) a series of the most direct lyrics any adult has ever written down, such as "I want to go to the hospital." Reznor's whereabout from 1990 to 1995 mostly because he was all out of control and he was a schizophrenic trying to seriously achieve an intellectualism console by becoming an Indiana *John Ford* director. Whenever he runs out of ideas, Reznor yells at God, which kind of makes him like a writer for *Star Trek: Voyager*. Yet something about this new *SN* record seems to me to be a success, and the way other people react to it and immediately spent \$179 on *Year Zero*.

hippies and the best personable like the end of "Welcome to Machine."

Who specifically interested me, of course, was the fact that *Year Zero* had been widely described as Trent Reznor's "political" album, although I have no idea why the public might of some would possibly intrigue me. This belief has always seemed pretty straightforward. His 43rd other (political) album, they are so perfectly obvious and specifically unfathomable. It is seems to me George Bush as an Orwellian version of Jack Nicholson's character from *A Good Man in Nevada* (I've read many (generally positive) reviews of this album, all of which minimize the ideological pressure behind the record before ignoring its details almost entirely). In other words, there appears to be an audience amount of curiosity surrounding the possibility of Trent Reznor having ideas about the world, despite the fact that nobody wants what those ideas are. The core issue of this principle is totally meaningless, all but matters with possibility that he has any principles at all. And this, I suspect, is dangerous.

It's dangerous because finding destructive pleasure in other people's ethics (regardless of what they are) are the potential for ethics to become a social utility. Which wouldn't be a bad thing at all, except for the fact that modern artists feel it necessary to focus the alternative "expression" of being alive. "It's a transformation that turns every thought, belief, and action into a form of something to be experienced." This is why the hippest people in the world are those who can't figure out why they don't care about anything at all.

Of course, it also explains why the kind of people who watch *documentaries* about Ralph Nader can still be the kind of people who ignore picking old cars in wheelchairs. ■

This is how it should feel.

WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS

Things YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

BY JULIE DOLY

1. When you're in a pinch of all times, but we don't always pick up our phones when you call. We're like the ones like a double standard if you like to discuss it further, just from a woman's perspective.
2. We only want to date men who can't do what we can't do. The broken laptop is the last of the twenty-first century.
3. We want to play and we want to be. But sometimes when we're in a place we want to see without just for a moment ourselves, how is it really, it is.
4. Next time you have to keep your girl from a gift, make it a gift of Carl's Four Emphasis on DVD. The worst way to a woman's heart is Luvv David.
5. As far as romance goes, we'd rather be whisked away to the bathroom at the other side of the planet than to the other side of the planet.
6. A serious woman, study has proven that women take 50 percent more than men and 90 percent of that extra 50 percent is spent thinking about sex.
7. The study was of French women.
8. On a more serious note, des choses à votre manière que les autres.

French actress Julie Doly wrote the novel and stars in 2 Days in Paris in theaters August 12

Style Agenda

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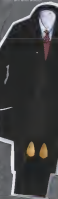
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GOTHIC

A truism of John Edwards's life is also one of the unconventional themes of his candidacy: The idea that we have control is a fantasy.

By MIKE SAGER
Photograph by PLATON



THE BEAUTY CONTEST

The half-wits and harpidsans talk about nothing so much as his hair. But John Edwards has more pressing things on his mind.

BY CHARLES F. PIERCE

THE CELL PHONE RINGS, sure, and you can barely hear it. An aide buzzes slightly at the door, cupping his mouth and nodding, and it looks like one more remarkable moment in an remarkable night on the campaign trail. It is a spring night in New Hampshire. In the last few days of the campaign, it'll begin the process of choosing to whom it will hand the job of replacing the wreckage of the past seven years. John Edwards has come to a place called Lehi's, a restaurant in downtown Manchester specializing in Thugavien cuisine that becomes quarterly famous because presidential campaigns, their revenues, and the various media disasters in their wake come crashing through and discover that, yes, there is a state called New Hampshire, and Hampshire makes good protein there.

It is a muted version of the Edwards stump speech, given to a group of young New Hampshire Democrats—or, more specifically, to the New Hampshire Young Democrats. In fact, the himself seems a muted version of the golden child he once was. Only four years ago, there was an indelible sense of pecking about him. He was more than half-dick, and it was enough to make the phone he'd copied from John Don Passon, who looked at the country at the beginning of the last century as a graying veteran and the Dear Bowd post, and wrote:

"All right we are two nations"
The them is off him now. It's as though the slender parts of him have been coiled and refilled, since by now, with something dark and grand. He voted to authorize an incompetent president to go to war, and he's paying a price for it in his eyes. In a speech to the Council on Foreign Relations last May, Edwards boldly rejected the very concept of a "war on terror" as

having no inherent profoundly anti-terrorist impulses. "A president," he said, "I will chase Guantanamo Bay to the hulk of a corpse, and ban carnage. Moreover, like those who help America once again achieve its historic moral stature—and lead the world toward democracy and peace!"

It was more than an attack on saccharine executive power and the unreasoning fear that led to its use—although it surely was that. It was a call for the country to define itself, to measure old values in a new age, and to reject the notion that "everything changed" on September 11, 2001. It was a piece with the most reasonable line in Edwards's stump speech: "We have to give Americans something else to get excited about besides war," he says.

His optimism is less measured, but it seems to have more teeth. His enthusiasm is not as quickly exhausted, but it seems to carry more power behind it. You still see in him a supreme confidence, but, shaken in its foundations and reinforced in its depths by experience. It does not clean the way it once did.

Only four years, the Democrats play the Game of Kentucky, as John Edwards played Jack, right down to the smoothing of the hair and the crook of the index finger. Now though, he isn't the joke, and the crowd clatters and laughs as he, with his hair like his belly, pines. Since 1996, his every thought of ruling of course, looking to the Greek gods to downsize the problem that he's in for his sins.

Edwards tells the Young Democrats—all of them except, all of them white—about poverty, about the college-scholarship program he set up back in North Carolina, and about the ongoing tragedy of New Orleans, and he even talks to them about the importance of labor unions. "The greatest joy in a thriving middle class," he tells them, "is a strong movement of organized labor." This talk of unions appears to baffle even the

Young Democrats, who have grown up in a world without them, but the older folk in the audience cheer.

It's a word campaign, by most accounts. Edwards is running dead, behind a woman and a black man. Hillary Clinton has a bigger name and a higher profile. Barack Obama is what Edwards once was—the son of the blue-collar senior with the intriguing biography, an apparent purchase on the future, and the crowd in his pocket. But the moment, at least, young John Edwards is a throwback—the white man out, talking about issues that harkened back to the days when a woman president or a black president were going against all of nature.

He flashes his hair, and the jacket comes back on, and he goes to the front of the restaurant to give his pitch. The smile is the same. The smile, and the high-energy voice, is what he had in Carolina just in to his will. That's what the voters of the John Edwards who had national politics in 2001, who ran for president before his first term in the Senate was done, and who ran with John Kerry in 2004. The confidence of the same gets thrown around the shoulders of the college students who come up to him, the nice-to-meet-you-darlin's for their night girls. Then the cell phone rings. His aide hands him the phone. It's a wife, Elizabeth, calling from back home.

"Honey," Edwards says, "I got to finish up this thing, and then I'll call you from the car, okay? Love you."

He hands the phone back to the aide, and there is a moment when he focuses, although he's completely alone. Not for long, but for just long enough that you can see through the surface of his confidence and his enthusiasm, down to the very other elements that have defined and strengthened them. It's a learning how to blend in public, and that is a lesson that to die. He ducks out of the restaurant and down an alley between, but that moment longer, like something that comes down with the rain, like water and insubstantial light of the evening, that something about John Edwards that seems weakened or compromised, not even the things that look so very much like pain.

ON MAY 15, MIKE HUCKABEE, a senior Republican congressman from Arkansas, made a funny speech at a debate with the other Republican presidential contenders. Huckabee said all of the Congress that it had "spent money like John Edwards it a heavy shot." This wasn't like his alleged gift of laughter from the media audience and almost well-known approval from the traveling political press, but rather, it was a statement that he had in the White House, a check-out-the-political-future that combined the kind of war of a high school cheer book with the national policy analysis of Tiger Beat.

The line was an "innocent blunder," said Mike Allen. Jonathan Martin and that the line "will dominate the news coverage in the days ahead." But Roger Simon pointed out that the joke had certain factual errors in its delivery. It turned out to be a widely broadcast story that Edwards had received a pair of \$400 jeans from a Beverly Hills stylist. Simon noted that the stylist had come to Edwards, so that saying something about Edwards being "a heavy shot" was saying that Huckabee

Not to say that he was a point in it, but the political culture seems to be determined to put John Edwards out of the mix this time around. Chances are the conservative all from the moment of his birth, as when Ann Coulter fully called him a "fugate" at a conference of conservative activists, and Ruth Limbaugh regularly chafes him as "the Beech Girl." From there, a year ago, the after of the lawsuit has constructed Coulter's posi-

tion into more political products. In April, Maureen Dowd wrote a column in *The New York Times* that speculated that the country was not ready for a "messiah on a chair," comparing Edwards unfavorably with her derisive Irish-copoddy, who used to get his hair cut at the Kenan barbershop for fifty cents. You could almost hear the people crying of apoplexy in the night. Thus are the issues. Thus are the witchdoctors. Thus are the politics while people are dying.

The important thing to remember is that toughness is a semi-dumb show now. In that same decision which Mike Huckabee faced for the camera, John McCain pointed out that in his experience, which is considerable, torture doesn't work. On this, he was duped by a former mayor of New York, who once was tortured by the thought that his second wife would survive the myriad days in favor of his second marriage, and the former governor of Massachusetts, who once was tortured by the fact that gay people were getting married. Toughness was now a performance that in its entirety seemed taught to fear the best things about itself.

A candidate's actual biography doesn't matter. George H. W. Bush flew fighter planes when he was a teenager, and he couldn't overcome the "strong factor" against Ronald Reagan, whose primary combat experience was hunting his own brother in the Brown Derby. In the three major national elections of his life, George W. Bush, who couldn't find Al Qaeda while he was serving on the National Guard, defeated three men—Al Gore, John McCain, and John Kerry—who had volunteered to go to Vietnam, and he did so by outwitting them. Barry Obama learned in having eleven children how to tramp Bush's fear of horses.

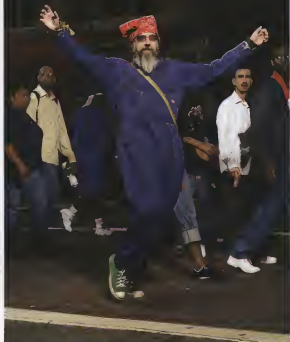
Courage and manliness had gone completely postmodern. They depended on direction and design. Airlane was you could convince people you had done, you did. The Democratic party never won more boys a hole, or the idea that history-smoked-bark of rankless known as W would ride off with a permanent Republican majority into several decades of worth of enemies.

TOUGHNESS IS A SEMIOTIC DUMB SHOW. A PERFORMANCE SKILL IN A COUNTRY TAUGHT TO FEAR THE BEST THINGS ABOUT ITSELF.

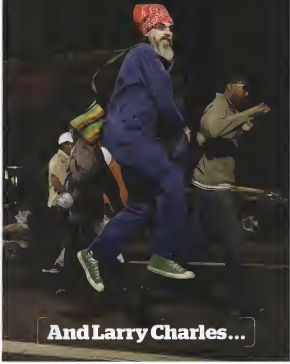
Seven years later, of course, the backlash from Crawford has riden himself off the hill and taken the country with him. The smoke-ten-out, end-of-the-revolution is now a devastated skeleton in the desert sand. The unity and confidence demonstrated in the immediate aftermath of 9/11 has been translated by a founding political party and a nation's national media into the cheapest kind of a national excuse. Which doesn't mean it doesn't mean it in its essence.

There was the decision which Huckabee ended with at John Edwards's expense, a fascinating exercise in political self-waiting. Matt Kiang called out voting to "double" the price of the Democratic Party, and then, Thucydides called Jack Bauer, the fictional terrorist-slayer from Fox's hit *24*. Only now McCain sounded a note of warning about the efficacy of terror, and what will the hell does he know. [Continued on page 122]

All the world's a joke.



And Larry Charles...



...is just pressing record.



Larry Charles is the comedic maverick who wrote for Seinfeld and directed Borat. He's funny—and he thinks you're funny, too. He may even be filming you right now. Because Larry Charles believes his biggest jokes are yet to come. And we're all part of the punch line.

By Benjamin Alsup
Photographs by Jeff Minton

HBO starring Keanu Reeves. Larry Charles is the guy ten thousand guys in L.A. want to be—the guy with money in the bank, with seventeen dogs, with the most cars, the production deals, and a Blackberry gone public. He's the guy funny guys look out when they endeavor to make funny things. Larry Charles is the guy who directed *Borat*. You know *Borat*. You know that *Borat* grossed \$100 million, and when that happens, everybody wants to talk to you even though they're meaner than they did when everybody wanted to talk to you. *Borat* means that at least in this case, the Antichrist is right. Larry Charles can do whatever he wants.

So when the hell is he doing out here in the light industry whatever lands of Miami? This part of Miami doesn't see cinema too often. We're out by the airport, an alternating circus of shuttered strip malls and shopping centers. This doesn't even look like Miami. It looks like nowhere. Or everywhere. And for Larry Charles, everywhere is the perfect place to make a movie.

The movie he's making today is a "satirical comedy" about the role of religion in contemporary society. It stars Bill Maher doing what Bill Maher usually does. Except when Maher is hauled and solemn, Maher is smiling now. Mr. Charles and Maher asked important questions at the books shop and at the Western Wall. They've shot in London and in Rome. In Jerusalem, Charles brought cameras into the Dome of the Rock. In Italy, he claims he filmed parts of the Vatican that have never been filmed before. He can do this because a Charles shoot is small and quick. "Essentially," he says, "we're making an eye for less than \$1 million."

Larry Charles is here because after a lifetime of writing jokes—



he Antichrist is a former drug addict from Puerto Rico with excellent teeth and a fairly sophisticated media organization on the outskirts of Miami. He preaches that since Jesus died on the cross, it's no longer possible to die to sin. You can drink your rum and smoke your smokers and screw your neighbors. Beyond that, the Antichrist's message turns cryptic. Beyond that...who cares? People like it when you tell them they can do whatever they want. A surprising number of people throw money in the Antichrist's direction. Being the Antichrist, turns out, is a pretty decent racket.

Still, as good as the Antichrist has got it, he's got it nowhere near as good as Larry Charles. Hardly anybody does. Larry Charles is the guy who got lucky—the skinny kid from Brooklyn who drove out to L.A. on speed in his late teens and ended up writing for Seinfeld. The guy who now directs *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and produced *Entourage* and headed up a new pilot for

for *Prisoners*, for *Arsenio*, for *Mad About You*—he's done with the shock. It's not like he hangs up on funny things; he's just changing the game. "The world," he says, "doesn't need another broad comedy. We've got enough crap." And so the guy who can do whatever he wants is out here in nowhere, everywhere because he wants to change the way movies get made. Because he wants to get the kind of laughs that change the world.

Larry Charles wears his hair long and his beard longer. He wears a brown derby if he's lined forward by forties-wisdom and a What Would Jesus Do brooder if the kind is often favored by fifty-year-old Jewish guys from Brighton Beach with wives and kids. Sometimes Charles looks like an elderly aging hipster. At other times he's a well-oiled together rapper. Today, if you didn't know that Charles was one of the most profitable cast in American comedy, you might think he wandered in this earth all the way. You might be tempted to lay him a cup of coffee.

But there is as coffee here. Larry Charles is booking a room here, and that means there's clearly something to believe that says a strong case is made here. No rocks or rappers. No lightning bolts or craft service tables with beneath the weight of so much coffee and cream cheese. At first place, at least, there is nothing here but what there is—a low-lying warehouse on the side of the expressway that's now home to the Cinecittà on Georgia, the "church" where the Antichrist works his mischief. From a parking lot filled with minivans and Toyotas, a motley of late-crowd of 100, maybe 150, shuffle past Charles in their Sunday dress into the warehouse.

If you look real hard, though, signs of film production be-

get-togethers. "You become peripherally aware of his hours a day. You notice two guys you hadn't noticed before carrying high-end video cameras. They look like a couple of lost Obi-Wan guys, and their cameras find images in a second instant that Charles wasn't around his neck. A kid in Chuck Taylor sneakers, a girl in Digo overalls, and... and that's about the extent of it. The crew on a Larry Charles production is remarkably young and remarkably small. They can't no shadow. 'The crew?' Charles says. "The crew is the van."

It's largely the same crew that worked for Charles on *Four*—young, white at the time, and now battle-tested. Jack Bauer Gibson is a United States citizen, so it was crucial to the producers that he not get arrested. Charles and his crew made sure of that. They were held by police working the phone with lawyers at Gibson was shunted away from the scenes that held crowd. "We were like bank robbers," Charles explains. "I had to draw maps a few places so we knew where our escape routes were."

When Charles talks about *Forest*, he alternates between sounding like a gay who has just pulled out of the gay-movie closet and a straight dude who has just been outed. "It's a nice little pitfall over and over again who has to be perceived a rather serious ephemerality about twenty-first-century filmmaking. 'All art today is postmodern art,' he says. "When you look at *Forest*, you're seeing Charlie Chaplin, you're seeing Andy Kaufman, you're seeing a strange combination of things that are somehow once a unified whole."

And then, as though afraid of coming off as a prescriptive wag, he de-intellectualizes the whole deal so that making it sounds quaint, like something you do because it's kind a. "We got on the bus and we went to different places, and create havoc and mayhem and film it and get back on the bus and go to the next town. Jumping out, shooting, jumping in, making stuff up—that's the way I want it."

Here in Idaho, Charles is taking the principle a step farther. Here, he doesn't create the house. The Antichrist and his followers handle the heavy lifting on that front. And they go to lengths to make sure that Charles has everything he needs, such as the wicker to sit up front in the reserved room. He dislikes. They offer him a headset that carries an English-to-Spanish of the monthly Spanish service. He accepts. They even rush him with a copy of their own master page to supply anything he may want and gladly post a sign that informs newcomers of the following:

"Please be aware that by entering this agency you consent your voice and likeness being used without compensation, films and tapes for exploitation in any and all media where now known or hereafter revised, and you."

Middle, gentle, gentle. It could barely finish reading the first and I read English pretty well. Most of the components of Spanish, I didn't see one of them stop to read it. None of the fact, pass Charles or has small crowd much attention. He still calls a little attention to himself as possible. He speaks by the means deliberately. He recovers and he blends. For real, he cut the hair and the beard. Today, he and several crew members are dressed like the congueros. Charles the storage ability to convey the impression that he believes what he is.

When the service begins, Charles wears the video around his neck and stares down at it. And that's pretty much all he does. What's most striking about watching Charles



• Larry Charles sitting out on the street in L.A. To learn more about photographs Jeff Minter's names a chronicle, see page 28

how little "is coming out," he does "the act in what it is, and it's perfect, like something out of a Roger Moore...see James Dean flash. Gwyneth it's two parts Gwyneth, one part *Rhonda* [Gwyneth]. What woman of taste on-screen could've devised a place that may as be that converted warehouses, with its pseudo-government seals and its false imposed order? Who would've set the word as his da da-belebrated *Chaplin* in a series of neo-anthropology. Charles doesn't waste time looking for shots. He looks for scenes. Lots of it. He finds people, who sell probably end up wearing an anchor and a belt, he will shoot more than four hundred boxes of video. The movie gets recorded not here in the world, but in the white studio in the editing room. The cutting process has no purpose (like a writing process)," says Kuchner. Charles told Jonathan Ross, "He [Charles] was talking with a long pipe out. But he was talking about the world. He was talking about the world. One. Call it a neo-anthropology. Call it hyper-reality. Call it what ever you please. Charles looks at technology. Any attempt to illustrate what he says, 'each viewer to discover it.'"

The Antichrist, an ex-cru from Puerto Rico named José Luis De Jesús Marcano, is also somebody you've met, he's this famous character Larry Charles might have created for an episode of *Seinfeld*. He could be a friend of Hanson's for sure. The common is almost entirely non-verbal, but he knows how to work a crowd. He knows how to preach. He has a mess stick. His sign says move it to this dignity—open things whereby he very dignified preaches his order and middle fingers to his foe. And when he does, the entire congregation points to their foreheads in precisely the same way. He takes off his blazer and lays it gently over a chair, then he rolls up his shirt sleeves and goes down to reveal the number nine tattooed upon his forearm. The crowd

gragging goes wild. Old women start jumping up and down, rolling back their sleeves and furiously scribbling nast on their arms as well. They do it with big pens. They do it with lipstick. They wave their wrinkled arms in the air for all to see. It's not funny, exactly; it's hysterical and a little scary.

Charles witnesses all this play out on the morose life seems neither pleased nor surprised. He doesn't crack a smile. He wears shades. He smokes always does, and with the dark glasses on, it's hard to know exactly what he's watching. After a while, you feel as though, behind the lenses, Charles is capable of watching many things at once. You come to think of a line from Emerson: "I become a transparent eyeball. I am nothing. I see all."

Long before he succeeded (a becoming nothing, Larry Charles was nobody. Another kid from the neighborhood, "Lord of the Flies in Brooklyn," Charles says of his childhood, "That's where I grew up." He's been in L.A. thirty years, but his roots are still in Brooklyn. It's all stockhol cadences and vowels pressed in the Coney Island streets. He sounds like a Raminor

He worships at the altar of the Jewish comics who came before him, particularly those from his neck of the woods: "Lenny Bruce, Woody Allen, Mel Brooks," he says. "They were the Holy Trinity of comedy." But Charles is a generation younger than Brooks and Allen. His sensibility is faster and harder. Charles was into punk when punk was being born. He took trains in

"I didn't know how to get into show business. But I knew how to sell drugs. So I stood in front of the Comedy Store with jokes, and I tried to sell jokes like I used to sell loose drugs in Bryant Park. And eventually guys liked my jokes, started buying my jokes."

the city as a kid and gorged on Manhattan art-house fare—Godard's *Weekend*, Jodorowsky's *El Topo*, and Waters's *Pink Flamingos*. He watched lots of TV and did lots of acid. "Gruen had a big impact on me," he says. "They fragmented my mind. I know there's another level of reality. I don't think Neil Brooks, as beautiful as he is, warranted that idea."

Charles Duggan sold at college when he was sixteen – writing post-
 lectors told him that if he was a real writer, he'd get out of school
 and on the road. He came to LA. A broke, with nothing but a few
 funny ideas, in the mid-seventies. 'I didn't know how to get in-
 to show business, that I knew how to sell drugs. So I stood in
 front of the Comedy Store with jokes, and I tried to sell jokes.
 But I used to sell lesser drugs in Triquet Park. And eventually
 guys liked my jokes, started buying my jokes.'

He landed a job writing for a shortly deceased show intended to end Saturday Night Live's called *Prodigy*. The humor was wacky. The bands were quirky—the Clash, Van Perry, the JBs. The show landed barely three seasons. Eventually, Charles ended up with a gag matching out jokes for *The Arsenio & Melfi Show*. The only problem was that Arsenio didn't feel them. Here's a quote: "Society Guy Coleman was awarded a legal endorsement recently worth millions... [Purse for adults and adults from a source]. When asked what he planned to do with the money, Coleman responded that he planned to celebrate by whipping himself with the thousand-dollar bills." In six months, Charles was fired out of the job on his own.

He said: **fuck it!** If Charles has learned anything, he has learned that he must, in all situations, retain the ability and the confidence to say fuck it. "I always kick in if things didn't work out. I could sit in a room and write love stories. I was fine with that scenario." And then he just fuck it.

Remember that show *Philly*? Larry Charles got tight with another guy working in that show, Billy gay Cusack, gay Andrews, and Larry with his own kind of wacked-out Brooklyn-born humor, has even landed most of the world. So it's fairly amusing, Charles started writing for that quirky sitcom with his friend Larry David, and, well, that is why the kid from Brooklyn drove out to L.A. in the first place. This is when Larry Charles became Larry Charles, the guy who writes for *Seinfeld*, the guy who writes some of our funniest episodes, the ones that seem a little extra absurd. Like the one in which the library cop is played with outrageous manner by Philip Baker Hall. Like the one in which Jerry and Elaine are snafled by a Jewish-loving madman. Like the one in which George turns purple.

After *denfield*, Charles runs *Mad About You* for two seasons. He learns to work with others, learns to be in charge. He learns to make money—enough money to say fuck it with confidence for the rest of his life.

The only problem is that problem of what comes next. This is the problem Larry David dealt with *Corb Year Enders*. It's the problem that *Joan Alexander* and *Michael Richards* couldn't quite figure out. After you've achieved the success,

the money, the well-fed indie—what do you do after that? Most of us do what we've done before. We stick with what works. "It's so much of comedy," says *Dark* executive producer Gavin Palanca, "you feel that the punch lines are recycled versions of something else. One of these plots will turn the coffee shop and says one thing, and you can almost anticipate what the other shot is going to say. It's endless derivative, and it's mind-blowing to me that people still watch it. *Laverne* doesn't have to stop to that."

Of course, his bosses' drive to hit shows he can do about his wants. And doing whatever shows allows him to stretch the rules, to maneuver, to find. For example, Charles made one film after another. He waited on a television show called *The City*. Finally, he landed *Hotel* last season. *Academy Award* Best actor a TV version of the comic strip *Dick Tracy* landed less than two months. And after those failures, Larry Charles decided that he wanted to make a movie. By the winter of '96, Bob Dylán was there. Then he dropped out. And Bob Dylán is *not* the one who got it. Bridges and Jessica Lange and Angela Bassett and Lili Wu and Teri Polo and George Clooney and Joe Golden and all sorts of other people got it. It. The. And the result was nothing like a Hollywood movie, it was a few dozen, like some Disneyesque vision of everything that's gone wrong since Bob Dylan got there. The movie is called *Miami* and *Amigoss*, and it has grossed something like \$500,000. It's not a cult movie. It's been badly reviewed. "I know the boundaries are wide," he says. "And I dare you to explore very, very, very deep." The follow-up

Esquire
STYLE

10 POINTS OF VIEW

What's a man to wear this fall? Fashion's top designers all have strong opinions on the matter, and as Don Cheadle and Chevelot Igofor prove here and in their politically charged肥皂, Talk Is Me, a strong opinion is what any man looks good.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLOS SEBRAO



ON DON CHEADLE'S
LEATHER SUIT: JILLY
CHAMBERLAIN
SHIRT AND SLACKS:
TOMMY HILF
ON CHEVELOT IGOFOR'S
SUIT: JILLY CHAMBERLAIN
SHIRT AND SLACKS:
TOMMY HILF

ESQUIRE
AUGUST

In the span of a single collection, the reigning king of Americana careers from the earthy styles of a Scottish shooting party—all waxed jackets, tweed pants, and flannel shirts—to the slick urban edge of a four-pocket leather jacket. He also unveils a tighter, leaner silhouette to his suits, suggesting that even after forty years in business, Lauren still likes to shake things up every once in a while.



ESQUIRE
AUGUST

Astronaut-
inspired
snowsuits.
Gold overcoats.
Mixes of shiny
fabrics, such as
Domingo Dolce
and Stefano
Gabbana's polished, futuristic
vision for fall,
and though the
snowsuits and
coats aren't
exactly the
most versatile
attire, these
tightly tailored
party suits with
iridescent
sheens are a
different story.

ON DON CHEADLE'S
SUIT: JILLY CHAMBERLAIN
SHIRT AND SLACKS:
TOMMY HILF
ON CHEVELOT IGOFOR'S
SUIT: JILLY CHAMBERLAIN
SHIRT AND SLACKS:
TOMMY HILF
ON CHEVELOT IGOFOR'S
SUIT: JILLY CHAMBERLAIN
SHIRT AND SLACKS:
TOMMY HILF
ON CHEVELOT IGOFOR'S
SUIT: JILLY CHAMBERLAIN
SHIRT AND SLACKS:
TOMMY HILF



Esquire
style

THE
FALL
COLLECTION

A
Burberry
collection

For most designers, military style is a passing whim; for Burberry creative director Christopher Bailey, it's part of his company's DNA. Dominating the fall collection are sharply cut trench and overcoats, their collars wide and their buttons large and gleaming, all layered on top of oversized sweaters that are anything but standard issue.

PRADA



Muccia Prada has seen the future of men's wear, and it is fuzzy. Angora, wool, cashmere—Prada's collection bulges with fuzzy sweaters. She also continues to explore innovative fabrics. This jacket morphs gradually—in a single piece of cloth—from pure wool into pure silk and bridges the divide between office and cocktail attire.

• TRENCH COAT
AND OVERCOAT
JACKET
AND
SWEATER
AND
TRENCH COAT
BY PRADA

Equinox
STYLE

地址：上海南京路100号
电话：021-63306666

Georgio Armani makes impeccably tailored suits. This much we all know. That he continues to make clothing that's fresh and relevant, though, by incorporating fabrics like velvet and suede and adding unexpected touches—e.g., a sweater-vest paired with a check-stripe suit—is all the more remarkable.

1. *Explain, in your own words, the meaning of the term "cognitive bias".*
 2. *Identify and describe at least three different types of cognitive biases.*
 3. *Discuss the potential consequences of cognitive biases in decision-making.*
 4. *Propose strategies to minimize the impact of cognitive biases.*

Working under lead designer Marc Jacobs, Louis Vuitton men's-wear designer Paul Helbers has added the polish in a sharp new direction. For fall, Helbers mixes sleek eighties style with luxurious fabrics—see this wool overcoat with grosgrain detailing—while peering dark urban clothing with colors and patterns.

LEADS
YUETEN



SUCCI

Under creative director Frida Giannini, Gucci presents a collection for men who have not yet heard about global warming. Layering wool over cashmere and adding a dollop of fur or leather here and there, Giannini offers close-fitting plaid suits in reds and blues as well as plush suede and velvet overcoats. The result is a sly, sophisticated take on alpine luxury.

STYLING BY STEVE KAGAN, SUIT BY JACQUES GATTON, SUIT BY JACQUES GATTON, SUIT BY JACQUES GATTON

CE: It depends on who's saying it and why. Simple as that.
ESQ: The movie is filled with some amazing style from the writers and wardrobe. How did the outfit help you shape your characters?

DC: That always helps flesh things out. Back then, style was the fabric of the times. People actually walked around wearing the plaid top the velvet, the three-inch lapel—and not just for special occasions. It's interesting, too, because in terms of clothes, they've never changed. It's weird. I'm still wearing the yellow shirt with the buttons open all the way down to here—this is me. So I would just put on the jumpsuit, stick my Alfa Romeo, and drive my thing.

ESQ: I heard one jumpsuit posed somewhat controversial on set.

DC: Plus, I told you that?

CE: That's the one!

DC: Okay, I was wearing the supertight black jumpsuit during a scene set at a protest. I heard these ladies talking, and one of them called me over. She said, "My friend told me to tell you she likes your butt!" Her friend was about seventy

years old! (Laughs) "Oh, that's fantastic. Don't let your grandmother appreciate the comment."

CE: And now I'm going to throw up and then change clothes."

ESQ: Chavel, you speak with a great American accent in this movie. Don't you talk with a cockney accent in the *Corona* series. How about an honest critique of each other's duds?

DC: Bill critique myself so he doesn't have to. (Laughs) I don't do a very good job. But Chavel did his very well. I don't know why, but British actors have a better facility with American accents.

CE: In England, we grow up with American accents on television. But sometimes talking on an accent is like acting through your—after a while, you find your way through. DC: I never got through the jargon still dealing with it. People have a compulsion about just coming up to me in the street and saying, "What the fuck was up with *Corona*'s 12?" I'm like, "Really, you had to cross four lines of traffic to say that to me?"

VERSACE

Maybe it was the predominance of high-buttoning black suits and crisp white collars, but Donatella Versace's latest collection has a decidedly sober, vaguely clerical feel to it. It's serious clothing for serious times, but Versace proves up to the task, and her eye for detail—check out the piping and covered buttons on this sheepskin coat—remains as sharp as ever.

A MIDWINTER COAT DESIGNED BY DONATELLA VERSACE, CLOTHED, CLOTHED, CLOTHED BY PHILIPPE BOUASSA/COUTURE



The SEXIEST WOMAN ALIVE 2007

Left here for PART 1.2

PART

1.2

CORRECTION

Careful re-analysis of the DNA samples Esquire used in mapping the genome of this year's sexiest woman has revealed the mystery woman we presented last month is not in fact the Sexiest Woman Alive. She is a woman of great talent and beauty, just not—by verifiable science—the actual 2007 S.W.A. The logs (and shoulders and thighs...) of the true titleholder are at right. We regret the error.

THE ROAD TO TOTAL REVEALMENT continues this month—with the tangle of clues at right and a few hints from someone intimately acquainted with our mystery woman. Who better to divulge the secrets of the Sexiest Woman Alive than her most trusted confidante, her sounding board, the woman beneath her weight? (Sadly, no, this year's S.W.A. is not Britta Miller.) So we spoke confidentially to her best pal and shook her down.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN [REDACTED]?

30 years. An acquaintance told me about her, and I kind of wrote her off, because I thought she was tall, beautiful, and Hollywood. I figured, I know who she is. In fact, she is all of those things and much more.

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE WORKING ON?

Cook. Eat. She eats a lot.

WHAT DOES SHE USE TO COOK?

Everything. Which is very refreshing. She's also a great cook. Every week she's reinventing a new recipe. At our last dinner party, she cooked delicious lamb chops.

ARE YOU YOURSELF A COOK?

She's got a weakness for games.

CARAMEL? CASCARA? CINNAMON?

The one that she loves right now is Mexican Train. It's an addictive farm of dominos. I think Salma Hayek introduced her to it. It makes a normally loving group of people become desperately abusive.

ARE SHE EVER DRUNK ON YOU?

No, no. Verbal. Always verbal.

ANY OTHER NAMES?

She's a huge control freak. When we were in holiday in Mexico once, she stopped at the middle of nowhere to buy hot dogs. And I remember thinking, What the hell is she do-

ing? And she basically drove around the village feeding all the starving dogs.

DO YOU EVER GO OUT DRINKING A LOT?

She's not a big drinker, honestly. She's got a favorite cocktail right now—something disgusting with onions in it. Go with onions in it. I don't think anything should have an onion floating in it, but it does. A tribute. That's it.

DOES SHE EVER GET FLAKED?

She may wish she had smaller feet, but honestly, they're pretty standard-size. Flawed? Probably. And she's not someone who spends a lot of time on her appearance.

I HEAR THAT SHE'S RUSSIAN.

Totally. She won't agree to old garbage and looks amazing.

WHEN YOU'RE OUT, DO PEOPLE RECOGNIZE HER?

People do stop to look. I remember once we were going out to Joshua Tree, and we stopped to buy insulin, and she had to show her ID. The woman looked at it and said, "Did anyone tell you you look just like Aubrey Gold?" And she said, "No, but thank you very much."

WELL, YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO COME-AND-MEET-A-SQUAD? YOU'RE SELLING ME THERE, NOT.

Yes.

Okay, fine. But I'm going to tell her and tell her I gave away her pin-and-own drink. H.

Real blue to purple (pink) and half (white) with yellow (gold) and orange (red) and green (blue)

SMOOTHER. WIDER. DIFFERENT.



XL GREEN

XL BLUE: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, XL GREEN: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual amount may vary depending on how you smoke. For T&N info, visit www.rjrtt.com.



XL BLUE

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide



Esquire
August 2007

The Sexiest Woman Alive/Part 1.2



WHAT IT FEELS LIKE

254



...TO BE
MAULED
BY A BEAR

BY JOHANOTTER 45,
HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR
(ON A BEAR HUNT IN MONTANA)

kings were to my friend, and it pained me all over the trail. I couldn't rock into a fetal position, so my frame was exposed, and I thought, *Man, it's going to rip my intestines out.* So I dove off the trail, about twenty feet down.

Because older bears broke my fall, and it looked like the bear might ease off. I yelled, "Jenna, come down here!" At the sound of my voice, the grizzly came charging down at me like a truck. I can't imagine how fast. Moments of day-world fun, a couple of smooth fetal positions. The bear's jaws compressed my backpack and lifted me up and down. I tried to scramble out from under it but instead landed in a more comfortable thirty feet down the mountain.

The fall really pissed off the grizzly. It gnawed on my head, and I could feel teeth tearing away. I grabbed the animal by the chest, so far felt like a dirty wet dog, only thicker. I hit it with a rock, but the rock crumbled, so I wiggled back in to the fetal position. Its teeth cut deep into the bottom of my skull. I actually heard bone cracking. I ripped myself loose and charged another twenty feet down into a crevice. The grizzly couldn't reach me. The terrain was too steep. It turned away and a few seconds later I heard Jenna scream. And then I heard absolutely nothing.

I touched the top of my head and felt only bone. What was left of my scalp hung in front of my face, and I couldn't open my right eye. I called out to Jenna, and she called back from fifty yards away. The response wasn't as loud as before. The grizzly had bitten her skull clean off her head, split the side of her mouth open, it moved her back, and fled. She said she'd seen one cub with the bear and that it was likely trying to protect its young.

I tried to crawl toward my daughter, but it hurt to move. Doctors later discovered a total of twenty-eight wounds, including a clear puncture to my right eye. One of my top vertebrae was broken in five pieces, and I would undergo multiple surgeries, including a skin graft from my back onto my scalped head. For now, I pushed my eyelid open with a bloody finger, saw Grizzly Lake shining blue in the valley below, and waited for help to arrive.

My eighteen-year-old daughter, Jenna, was a few yards ahead of me on a trail in Glacier National Park in Montana. She disappeared around a little hairpin turn in the path and a second later came back screaming, "Dad, no!" and started puke. I staggered forward and I saw this animal running in the woods wide open.

I remember thinking, *Wow, that's so weird, it's like a really big badger.* Then no teeth were in my left thigh. I thought, *Wow, strange. I'm actually being bitten by something.* The grizzly's

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE TASTING MENU

André Rebuchon, MGM Grand, Las Vegas: \$360. What you see here: the foamy egg cup, a pastry tart with onion confit and black truffles sliced like pepperoni, and hen of the woods, a two-layer custard with figs and more truffles. And that's just one course. There are sixteen. See the rest at esquire.com/wf107. —K.M.



WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

THE TOTAL QUANTITY OF TOMATOES GIADA DE LAURENTIIS USES IN A DAY

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROD



In her crusade to show the world how much enjoyment can be derived from Italian cooking, De Laurentiis goes through a lot of tomatoes. An average of two thirty-two ounce cans per day (like these), to be precise. So in a month that would be... well, you'll see on page 97. "Canned tomatoes are packaged when they're the ripest and the sweetest," she says, "so there's really no reason to go with fresh."

...TO GET YANKED OVERBOARD IN THE FREEZING OCEAN

BY JASON LEMOS, 32, COMMERCIAL LOBSTERMAN
(A KILLER TALENT CARO)

I grabbed the buoy connected to the end of my last trap, as I'd done thousands of times, when—*slam!*—I was dragged in the water. Further than going into the water, it's buoy had been caught around my left finger and thumb. My boat was sliding forward, but eight huge wire lobster traps connected by 720 feet of rope were pulling the other way. There was no time to think. I let alone grab a knife. I lay down on the trap to

bleed and wringed my feet against the back of the buoy. I wanted to swim! I was told, at night. That happened to a guy from around here last year—they had to pull him from the bottom of the ocean. So I thought. But there was no way the boat was coming off my fingers unless my fingers came off first. At that point, truth is what I grasped for. Oddly, I growled. I took a deep breath, released my feet, and I was off the trap! I was in the water. Like Superman, I was pulled down by a ten-foot

and a half line someone was trying to hold me underwater and drown me. My eyes stung. About seven or eight later I felt the rope slacken as the traps hit bottom. The line slipped right off, and I swam to the surface. I was gasping, taking in air with my mouth. My boat was coming at me. I tried to climb on and slipped. I could be getting chewed up by the propeller. When I was right up on it, I threw my leg out and hooked it inside of the hull.

The two fingers were black and blue. It felt like my whole

body was being poked with needles. Every thing was blurry and slow. Ten minutes passed. Twenty. Thirty. Forty. I stopped shouting and waving; nobody could see me. My teeth were chattering, and my muscles were going out. I'd died. I wanted my family to be able to find my body, so I attached my self to a buoy. And that's when I see this boat coming at me. A fucking boat. At first I thought it was a mirage, but then I saw black dorsal fins poke out of the water. Like the humpback

I've been shot. I've been stabbed. I've had knives, motorcycles, and not one of them has made it from season to season. I've been blown up too—was fighting a war. So I survived some stuff. What's the worst kind of pain? This one's the worst. I was out driving, looking for agave steaks at night. On my way across Thirty-ninth Street in Milwaukee, four cars came from the alley and stopped. Just blocked my car. I sat there for about five minutes. These guys were just drunk, dancing out of control. People and I was out looking for drugs. I wasn't looking for so damn drugs. When I got out to sit, "Could you please move up a bit?" somebody yelled at me. I drove a few feet out of my hand. When I turned around, one guy was down on his hands and knees in the middle. And because I was drunk, I just got confused and fell over. I remember hearing a bunch of footsteps running toward me.

Then someone just kicked me in the face and kept kicking. When someone kicks you in the face, first you're dark, then you see bright lights—get real bright. I was trying to cover my face, but they were kicking me in the back of the head, then they kicked me in both my eyes. My eyeballs were smashed against my head. Mixed up my eyes pretty bad. These guys were jumping on me from my car, and I remember them kicking me in the back. After about the third kick like that, you don't feel nothing. My head was as big as a watermelon when they finished.

I heard the sirens; was the first one there, because they said there was a dead body in the car. Anyway, they found me. I had a pulse and called the ambulance. When I woke up in the hospital, I couldn't see anything. I couldn't breathe. I was thirsty. It was two or three days before I could open my eyes. I could only see bright lights. Before I left, they had to remove those eyes out. They pulled a silver tooth, because



...TO BE BEATEN BY A MOB

BY SAMUEL CLARK, 32
(A KILLER TALENT CARO)

they were all loose. For a while, my eyes would bleed and hurt. I still get double vision. Looking at you right now, it looks like you got shot down here and a face up here. Most of all, though, it hurts my pride. When a person shoots you or stabs you, at least you know they're scared of you.



A former FBI photographer, Bradley Will shot the final frames of his own life.

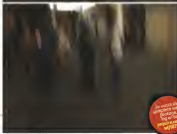


WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

THE FINAL FRAMES

Last October 27, an American documentary filmmaker, activist, and independent journalist named Bradley Will was shot and killed while filming a labor strike in Oaxaca, Mexico. Affiliated with a scrappy news organization called the Independent Media Center, Will recorded workers' rights movements around the world. Despite statements condemning Will's death from the U.S. embassy, the Mexican president, and the Committee to Protect Journalists, the unanswered investigation into who shot Will has gone nowhere.

You're looking at the last frames of video Will saw before he was killed. From top: Young protesters, probably members of the Popular Assembly of the People of Oaxaca, separated from police by the red dump truck, a makeshift barricade. Priya Reddy, Will's friend and fellow filmmaker, who is now editing Will's final footage into a documentary, believes the shot came from just beyond the hood of the truck (the alleged blast from a gun is circled, where a car is in the background). Several alleged Mexican police officers are seen huddled. Will is hit, and the camera goes blurry as he falls to the curb.



The video shows the final moments of Bradley Will's life as he is shot and killed.

WHAT IT
FEELS
LIKE

WHAT IT
LOOKS LIKE

B.B. KING'S HAND

I watch whenever you try to read. If I can't look, I can't put in my hand there. I don't even see you get a good sense of humor—I can't even get that between girls' legs.

Once I see smiling, I'm there that I'm over the neck of the guitar both—some slight but not that much yet. I figure at times I want to do that because of my age. But at the moment it's all good. It's musical good.

I haven't changed my hands off once. Just before I left home I was about ten or eleven years old, and I was trying to open a bone. Can you imagine that? A bone I was trying to get the marrow out of a bone and I took the so and I went to sleep. I was about 11 years old, and the so went right down there and I was out of it.

Eighty-one-year-old hand, I'm not gonna lose good old hands look tough.

I put about half of my hands together when I'm playing or singing. That's the back of the one with the middle of the one here. When I'm singing, you can see I'm like that of my right together.

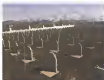
I've never worried about my hands, but about what I eat and most anything else. Because my hands have been my living. My hands have been able to help me live. My hands have taken me to a whole new world. So I'm very proud of my hands.

—B.B. KING TO MIKE MCGRADY



...TO SURVIVE A CHEMICAL ATTACK

BY MORAMMED AZIZ, 43, DISABLED
(An interview with NIELSEN conducted by ARAM MOSKOWITZ)



get to the outskirts of our city. After two or three miles, we just could not—ever. I could not continue. In the end, the chemicals killed seven members of my family.

I had burns underneath my armpits, like if you were to put an iron on someone—a reddish area with sores and some blackish, yellowish color. I had excruciating cramping pains of my arms and muscles that never ended, pain all over my body. Flashes around my eyes and my face were blistering because of the heat. I was shaking. I could not breathe throughout all of this.

On our way we saw burn victims, kids died, kids without their parents, animal carcasses. People were hot, so they went to whatever creek they could find. But it was night and the water was so cold. We swam on our back for four to five miles, then in tractors. It was difficult to move because of rain and the muddy ground. It took us two days.

Although the war was between Iraq and Iran, the Iranians helped us and saved a lot of lives. They were a mixed group of volunteers and members of the Iranian Red Crescent—both Kurds and Persians. They were very nice and spoke Farsi and some Kurdish, but we lived close enough to the border that we could understand some Farsi. The first thing they did was give us an injection into our muscles [probably atropine or anticholinergics, according to Aziz's doctor]. We felt nauseous and dizzy, and we didn't know if it was because of the injection or because we were so tired and scared. They asked us to get our clothes off, and they burned all of them. They took us through huge showers in a field hospital and told us that was the best thing to do at this point: take a really long shower. I could not see much, so somebody grabbed my hand and gave me a soap bar and told me to shower with cold water until I finished the soap.

The first view of Iraq places—about eight of them—were bombing my city. Halabja, around 1988, was a city. In 1988, Nagad. The explosions were so bad, I didn't like the city was a piece of paper, shaking. That continued every fifteen minutes and about four kids were crying, women were crying; it was so loud. We were in three-by-four-meter concrete bunker under our house.

I was a history student at Baghdad University, home for spring break. The Iraqis were war-torn. We were Kurds, and it's a Saddam regime was trying to make people fearful by the middle and the south of Iraq.

Then the chemicals attack started. These explosions felt like rain—not so loud. We did not know it was a chemical bombing, but after a while my eyes grew runny. The smell was a burning-gas smell. We used gas as our house for cooking, so we thought that the bomb had exploded some of the gas in our house. It was like a cotton-cucumber or cotton-apple smell. People's eyes were becoming red and watery, and they started to sweat all over their bodies. They were vomiting.

By this time, we were trying to flee to the Iranian border, about twelve miles away. My mother—who was sixty years old, was calling our names and saying, "Are you there? Are you still there?" I was twenty-four, and I was strong enough to at least help a couple of my family members. I tried to grab them and help them



Abdullah Aziz, 43, is a member of the Iraqi Red Crescent. He is in Halabja, Iraq.



WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

THE TOTAL QUANTITY OF TOMATOES GIADA DE LAURENTIIS USES IN A YEAR

How to make tomato sauce.

"While there are a lot of things that I like to try from other people, tomato sauce is not one of them."

GIADA'S HOMEMADE SAUCE

- 1/2 cup extra-virgin olive oil
- 2 small onions, finely chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 2 red dry wines, finely chopped
- 2 carrots, peeled and finely chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon sea salt, plus more to taste
- 1/2 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, plus more to taste
- 2 32-ounce cans crushed tomatoes
- 2 dried bay leaves

In a large pot, heat the oil over a medium flame. Add the onions and garlic and sauté until the onions are translucent (about 10 minutes). Add the sautéed carrots and 1/2 teaspoon each of salt and pepper. Sauté until all the vegetables are soft (about 10 minutes). Add the tomatoes and bay leaves, and simmer uncovered over low heat until the sauce thickens, about 1 hour. Remove and drizzle the top with oil. Season with more salt and pepper to taste.
Makes about 2 quarts.

Killer Kowalski

>> PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, 60, NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Doctors say take an aspirin every day. Don't. Gerson powder is better.

I didn't grow up wanting to be a professional wrestler. I wanted to be an electrical engineer. I was a big, strong kid, working at the Ford Motor Company. Fixing machinery. Guy told me, "Take up professional wrestling. You'll make enough to pay your way through college." "Oh," I said, "okay."

When I started, I was Wreckin' Kowalski. My name changed on one day—all because of a cauliflower ear.

You know what a cauliflower ear is? Good. I was wrestling a guy in Matten. Yulian Eric. I used to jump off the top rope and put my shoulder across my opponent's chest. So I got Yulian Eric up in the ropes. Then I climbed to the top turnbuckle and jumped. His ear was coming and crack to turn away. But my shoulder caught his ear as tight as a tight, his cauliflower ear. The ear flew off and landed across the ring like a little ball. The referee picked it up. It was still throbbing. He looked over at me and said, "That's his ear." Then he looked around for Yulian Eric. Yulian Eric was already headed back to the dressing room with a towel wrapped around his head.

Then I put the ear in his pocket and said, "What should I do?" I said, "Kiss my arm. I'm the only one left."

A few days later, I went to get paid at the wrestling office. They asked me to go to the hospital and apologize. Apologize? I never apologized in my life. But I went to the hospital. There were a bunch of newspaper reporters in the hallway. But I got inside the room. Yulian Eric was sitting on the edge of the bed with bandages wrapped around his head. What could I say? All I could think of was, "Hammy-Dumpty sat on the wall. Hammy-Dumpty had a great fall." It was the first thing that came to mind. He looked up and smiled. I started to laugh. What else could you do?

But the only thing the reporters outside could hear was the sound of my laughter. The next day, the newspaper was filled with stories of me laughing at the sight of Yulian Eric's missing ear. When I walked in the ring the next week, people were throwing bottles at me. "You're nothing but a killer!" someone screamed. From that moment on, I was Killer Kowalski.

I had more than an audience. As I walked into the ring before every one of them, I introduced. I introduced an

audience of Jesus sitting his light over the ring and the crowd.

Squawka twice. There's a guy's ear at me. A woman once came up to me after a match and said, "I'm glad you didn't get hurt." Then she stabbed me in the back with a knife. After a while, I got police escorts to and from the ring.

I've been a vegetarian fifty-three years now. Lots of vitamins. No milk. Little or no cheese.

Here's how I invented the Iron Claw. I would drive between matches with a tennis ball in my lap. I forget the wheel in one hand and I'm squeezing the tennis ball with the other. Squawka. Squawka. Squawka. Then I'd switch hands. After a couple of months, I had a tremendous grip. I'd put my thumb in the guy's solar plexus, and he'd scream in agony.

People said, "Look, but here's the Iron Claw gonna work on Hapstick Calhoun!" He was there six hundred pounds. I'd tell you what happened. I got him on his back in the middle of the ring. I won my loss, and I put a claw hold on his stomach. I put it on so hard to get through all that fat that I was screaming. We'll be fatted. The fatter was so devastating, I started to pass out. He rolled over, jumped on top of me, and pinned me. It was the best move he had.

A lot of women proposed to me over the years—from all over the world. I was in Australia once. A woman said, "Take me with you." I said, "I can't." She said, "Why not?" I said, "You don't fit in my suitcase."

To be a professional wrestler, you're gotta be able to talk. I started by arguing with the audience. I drove between matches. The audience would say, "It's a beautiful day. Eighty-two degrees." And I'd start screaming back, "Let's Lose! Let's! Never has the temperature been lower than this today!" I'd be going at it with the radio all day long.

Classical. Mozart especially.

Of course! I can show you how to do it! I have a steel chair around here!

A sad thing happened to Yulian Eric. He was always on the road. Some guy convinced Yulian Eric's wife to take all his money out of their account and take off. After he found out, he went to the church where they'd been married and committed suicide.

I got married for the first time last year. On June 19. People ask me, "How can you get married now? You're seventy-nine years old. And Theresa will be seventy-eight in September." I say, "What can I do? The old one she was pregnant."

Our honeymoon? We're still on it.

If I had to do it all over again—I'd be an electrical engineer.

Wreckin' Kowalski began his career in 1963 as Terry Kowalski, and finished in 1977 as the Mad as a Hatter Kowalski in Montreal. He was twice Wrestling Champion.



WALTER "KILLER" KOWALSKI



Digging

By COLBY BUZZELL

A HOLE ALL THE WAY TO AMERICA

So if China is now the world capital of rapacious, bloodthirsty capitalism, then that must make Shenzhen, a city of eleven million that must have existed twenty years ago, the most bloodthirsty city on earth without its charms.

So if China is now the world capital of rapacious, bloodthirsty capitalism, then that must make Shenzhen, a city of eleven million that didn't exist twenty years ago, the most bloodthirsty city on earth. But not without its charms.

[illegible]

The travel guides for themselves refused not to drink the water in a polluted area a plane headed to H.G. from my back-
pack and I stayed while I remained to work. The car was
over and I was completely covered in sweat. They glanced
over at me as I shivered the water, wiped the sweat from
my eyes, and offered these words, but with smiles they re-
turned to driving. We don't need this, do we? Nothing. They

...I thought about them
I found few new buildings were
kindred years. (Shoreline is a broad-
plains, with buildings leaning up out of the
where you look, with everybody being home under place
and they didn't get here. Chances are that's why it was
are not long ago, and they definitely have some old-
by **EDDIE G**

Illustration by **EDDIE GUY**



Waves about digging up dirt. And they dig and they dig with their bodies and their little tools, diggings hole all the way to America. I wonder if that's what Chinese kids do at the beach. You see this a lot in this part of China, something very much related with something very old. Not far from here, just after I walked by a Beantley Dealership, I saw a man fiercely punching a fish the size of my thigh onto the concrete, spraying blood as he did so and saying: *fish gone around*.

A few days later I went back to the construction site. The men were gone, and the ground they'd been potholing was now gone, too. Where they'd stood was now a huge hole about 15 feet deep and 15 feet wide.

I stared down into the hole that they had dug with only a sledge and a garden hose, and I was amazed.

About a year ago: I walked over to my favorite military-surplus store in Los Angeles, the same one that was used in the movie *Falling Down*. Starring Michael Douglas, to buy an old-time embroidered American-flag patch for my M-65 field jacket (same as it is for naked women now). When I was at the register purchasing my patch, the cashier flipped it over and said there on the back of it was a little under that mad, smart, coons.

I pointed this out to the cashier and my exact words were, "What is this?"

This is the place where they make the American flags. And not only does China produce American flags, they manufacture every other flag as well, including even a really quality facsimile of the Nanjing. When I asked one store owner why he sold them, he simply said, "People buy."

Somewhere in America there's a neo-Nazi sitting in his room oblivious to the fact that the swastika he proudly hangs on his wall was made in their China.

But then, there's really nothing very Red about Shenzhen. The city is just not far from Hong Kong, Shenzhen, China, is a city of eleven million that did not exist twenty years ago. In 1980, it had a population of less than 100,000. By 1990, about 300,000 people lived here. By 2000, it had five million.

In 1979, when the Chinese government decided to make it their first experiment in profit, Shendie was just a fishing village. Deng Xiaoping's experiment in reforming "gloriously rich" seemed to be going pretty well, because everything—everything—there in this new city is for sale. Even if

†Shenchen, 1976; ††Shenchen, 1979



some thing is supposed to be illegal, if it makes money, they generally look the other way. People here say that Shenzhen is the richest city in China. They also call it the most dangerous

After checking out of my hotel, I decided to jump on the metro, take it to the end of the line, hoping to find a place for rent that was a bit more reasonably priced, my logic being that of an American: the further away, the lower the prices.

At the end of the line was an enthusiastic amusement park called Window of the World, which Litzard set apart as a white. Since it's ideal for non-Chinese to travel to other parts of the world, they have built a replica of the six parks bringing that world to the people of China, with copies of the Eiffel Tower, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Stonehenge, the Statue of Liberty, etc. It's like Las Vegas, but the Chinese are so into it that they've repaved

The park's official slogan is, "Give me a day and we will show you a splendid world."

With all my personal belongings packed inside of my backpack for this trip (passport, pens, camera, one extra set of clothes and that sort), I made my way through all the Chinese tourists, thousands of them, who had come to the park by the busload to see the whole world and whom it seemed to me only to get a quick one of their park digital cameras out, taking a really group pictures, which made me feel kind of bad hushing it like that in my head because this was what they had, and this was what brought me back to them.

While standing there on the street corner looking around through my sunglasses wondering what to do next, in a sea of jet-black hair I saw a lone guy with blond hair dressed in business casual walking among the people.

Relieved that he spoke English, I asked if he knew of any cheap hotels in the area. He did, and it was Motel 6 in quality, and that he was staying there. He wanted I could follow him since he was headed toward it right now.

On our way there he briefed me a little bit on the surrounding neighborhood, Happy Valley, where kooky-rich Hong Kong



housewives who second were brought their bras and undergarments to the house. He observed that they still hang their clothes up outside to dry—"Even though they all live in millions of dollars, they don't buy a dryer." He tells me this with a condescended smile and then points out a patterned nearby, which he referred to as a "Chinese net mangle," as well as a McDonald's. Our first in China where in Shenzhen, so it kind of historical, a KFC, a Pina Hat, and a Wal-Mart. There are no Wal-Mart in Shenzhen, which is something considering that net that long ago there were hardly any people here. He also suggested that I'll had some time, to check out the Chinese restaurant up the street that's next to the Pina Hat called Grey Wolf. Not for the food but because they have a sign posted outside warning that no Japanese were allowed inside.

I asked where he was from, as well as what brought him here.

When I pressed him on what business he was in, he simply said, "Furniture."

Like every other business in I would ask here, by word about the factories, and I'd be amazed and impressed at how clean they were, and not only that, all of the people who worked inside of them all really enjoyed working there; they loved their jobs, they were hardworking and very loyal employees. It said they only get paid about 30 a day that the workers get to live as the factories, too, so they're never late, and they get paid. The only holiday they really get is the New Year, when they all head back home with all the money they saved up, no vacations.

"There are thousands of factories around Shekhar," he said. "Thousands."

It's not just Shanghai, either. The megacity is the hallmark of the Chinese re-story. To keep its economy cooking, the Chinese government needs labor concentrated in one place, and as

peasants in the west are driven to populate border-new cities in the east that the government is building at a rate of two a year. And everybody, from the lowest factory worker to the fattest oil businessman, seems to be totally high on money.

If the Chinese aren't building or making something, they are buying it one shopping bag at a time. They shop here frantically, like every day is the last day of the holiday season on earth.

To get to the shopping district in Florence you first have to cut a gap in the traffic jam; in any case, the car park of the cathedral is full of cars, and the streets are crowded with people.

ed with their gnarly deformities and multiple missing limbs, some with faces half melted off and all doing the repetitive sorrowful cry for a handout—begging for what



over space change they can collect from you in their round pots or bowls. The lady with her long grey massaging plugging her body on the street, with her little son, comes (she is not a sex worker) all around the block, pleading for help, when nobody gives her. Several people I asked to tell me these people had been in a restaurant in the factories, number said that it's well known that gangsters looking children and sack their limbs off to make their pitiful, swollen legs the size to being. And there is a well-known lady, you are in the shopping district, the poor goes like a loud scream. They are suddenly looks stylish and prosperous. This neighborhood is known as a hangout for the most professional of pickpockets as well as the worst capital of mass merchandise.

The Americans have complained that many of their products are being lapped by bootleggers, and the Chinese say they're cranking down, but somebody forgot to tell the bootleggers/officials. In fact, when you go to play is the first something that's not a fake game. You can spend days in there when playing this game, and you'll always lose. Everything is bootlegged, every make and model of Air Jordans in every color.

Why we're irascible and not every big name and no-name article of clothing you can think of and every gadget possible—iPods, PlayStation, DVDs, video games—and millions of T-shirts, many with Baiter slogans on them. These Clie T-shirts are made here, too, to be shipped to every college town in America. Shirts made in a communist country by workers who make \$1.80 a day, shipped to slavers in a rich country who'll pay twenty bucks they got from God for a T-shirt. I'll bet that's just the way Clie wants it to be remembered.

Everybody is like when you wear T-shirts and clothing with English lettering on it, and to English is more here. I wondered if a lot of these know what their clothes are. It's like the old screen can cut out stuff to print and were all like, "Hey, here's a dictionary, let's make a shirt! Awesome!"

I use shortcuts such as `vim` for work and `emacs` for fun, and for Linux operations, both users must always want

Being thirty, I'm old enough to remember when Visa alone used to be made in America. That fact used to be a marketing tool for them. The shoe horns, advertisements, and every shoe label all used to advertise "Made in the U.S.A."

But then one day, I noticed that they no longer stressed that they were Made in the U.S.A., which kind of bothered me and seriously made me want to consider going to a different brand. But they still make their old-school models, and I've stayed loyal to them solely because of that.

I was wearing a pile of old-school high-tops (which have the words *made in china* stamped directly on the inside) when I was crossing a busy intersection. A guy coming toward me stopped, quickly glanced down to my feet, and looked up at me. My shoes seemed to mean something to him, so I told him and told him that I was looking for a guide/translator to help me out here in the states. He was a white guy with a hint of a Nor-Cal accent, and he said that he knew of several people who could possibly help me out.

I answered yes to both and asked how he guessed that. It was the old-school Vans that gave away, and my new friend Nolan not only shared a lot of useful information on music scene, he also

China

If China is now the most potent economic region under world, and by many measures it is, then Shanghai is the id of the Chinese economy, unconstrained by art or culture, unfettered by conscience, thus for a country with such a controversial brand of capitalism, China, the Chinese people are very kind to strangers, more so than anyone I've ever met. Out of millions of people, only a few are racist to you.

At I was standing there on the busy sidewalk, staring up at the huge skyscrapers all around me, thinking to myself the same exact thing as when I stuck up at a modern building in Athens, 1958, "which is, God bless, thinking doing it! I had a vision from behind me into if I would be needed some day I turned around and there it was—early twenties, white shirt, black tie and dark jacket, a bunch of papers in his hand. I said to me, that I was just checking out the buildings. He introduced himself as Colvin, pointed at the tall green one, and said to be looking for a man a clerk for an insurance company.

interesting. I used to work as a file clerk at an insurance company. Chai was sixteen years old when he decided to move to Shanghai four years ago, from a small town east of Beijing where there weren't a lot of job opportunities. He told me that every year that goes by he misses his parents more and more, but that he couldn't go back home because the only job for him there is washing dishes.

Those were the only types of jobs available there, and back home if the most lucky had to make \$300 to \$1,000 a month, but here he's making around \$1,800 a year, or about \$335. His income was also never changes when he goes back and forth, and that's a big change, every day, and everyone here lives in a small space. "If we don't have money we will die, so we have to work hard, that's a reality."

His English was pretty good, almost conversational, and he seemed really intelligent. When not at work he makes choices on the radio, writes for an English major, so it was subliminal to find out he didn't go to college, as well as to hear him say "College kids don't know reality or the working world. All they know is getting money from their parents."

I liked the purpy animals, so I asked him whether dream one, about obviously a probably untrue being a cat, I thought we wouldn't see people only focus on making money, which he felt was not good thing, and also dream two to stay in the purpy movie in Australia or the United States and become a successful reality "When he told me this, I decided to give him his last gift and asked him if the show to begin dinner at exchange for showing me around the house, whether work life spread and 7:00 or, they are meet up at a nearby restaurant, which is posted, and we take a new at a middle table where all the chairs are used for foreigners, and under the bed and in front.

Excites me that the Chinese will strengthen thanks to the fast economic development and

rejuvenation, so that we're happening way too fast. Naturally that doesn't do change of the scene how sophisticated because of money and warm post-rain, so the city is "so different to being" when the seasons come and go because they don't, which reminds me of Los Angeles.

When our food arrives, he tells me that he doesn't think hospitals are the environmentally friendly and that they are very wasteful.

I jokingly asked why Americans like food as popular in China, and he tells me that it's because it's a symbol of American culture; they think it's "cool," and "so many young people

I say that maybe the fish eating fish is because maybe it's a fork from the Chinese food. Like if I eat Mexican food every day... well it's a mistake, mistake that I could probably pull that off like fish, say I eat Korean food every day I'd probably get sick of that and want a burger every now and then.

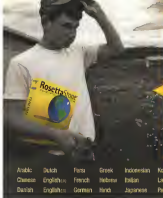
He tells me that's not the case here, and its example is *manchurian* Indian food *manchurian* (the street food he loves), "not successful, it's maybe so. Not as popular as McDonald's or KFC, they are symbols of American

He laughs, points, and after taking some notes we could stop talking and run. I asked what he liked to do for fun. He tells me watch DVDs, go running, and surf the Internet. He has two favorite sites being *www.com* and *McAfee*, a popular virus site. With rate in China.

I was the only linguist in the place, so these were kind of my speeches on the radio, and they are handed over to me and I know if they are not of the Tsimane' people's measure, and he ends his head you and tells me that a lot of people, especially the younger ones, do not know about it. He found out what little he knows from his parents, as well as from a soldier three years ago, the guy was there when it happened and saw what it was like, as well as police and soldiers destroying the houses of all the linguists who were there, including them.

He tells me that the Chinese news only reports the good and never the bad and that they always report the bad news to other countries. He tells me that this is one of the reasons why he wants to come to America, because the news here "ain't lie."

I almost choked as my brief and staccato words he told me this, and after exclaiming myself in faith that that was actually true, that we be all the time, it's just that we've figured out that there's more than one way to do so. This seems to confuse him, and the makers sure that I understood what he's trying to say. He leans in and whispers, "It's more down the police station right now and told them that I don't agree with the party, they would be me up and serve me the best spot - just like that." He leans back and looks at me as if to say,



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China

Would there be this system in America?

After our second weekend drive, my son told me, "Dad, I'm happy." Passing by shops where he dropped the glass, the happy-ending message pin, the disposable themselves is how it feels. Through the narrow streets where laundry hangs between every window after every apartment, like New York City, every body here in Shenzhen is living right on top of one another. I ask my friend how big his plot is, and she says it's off for me, about eleven acres. I tell her that I'm not a mobster, that I've lived in places as small before, and he says that it's not a mobster, that he and his partner share it, and the rest.

We walk around and down together on some steps in front of a playground where children are playing.

He tells me about a cousin of his who has a son in Khabarovsk, and in his class of fifty-five students only five of them are girls. He promises the photographer to find him and say, "Look!"

There are twelve boys and only one girl. Shocked, I ask him why that is. He says he doesn't know, but that his government tells them that it's because of the high level of stress and all the casualties on their front.

"You don't actually believe that shit, do you?" Luke

He shrugs. "They say that, why?"

I tell how in America we put all sorts of crazy things into our food products, and every American that I know of is stressed out all the time. But our citizens are still very old-fashioned. It's to them that we must be understood. I mean, having heard that families in America have been adopting up all the discarded Chinese girls for a while now? And what about our soldiers by accident?

"But that's right," he said. "Especially in villages in China, where a family has a baby must (legal documents check to see if it's male or female. This is a family—a big crime is not legal, but in villages many doctors do it secretly, for the money."

I apologize for leaving on such a negative note. At the same station, it is sad saying goodbye to Gabon. We promise each other that if he ever comes to America we'll hang out. I'll even come back to China, which I'll love. These days, we'll hang

After promising to each other that both of us know will never happen, we say our goodbyes and wish each other luck. We stand there and make the whole time, waving goodbye and watching me as I pass through the turnstile at the metro station and leave down the sidewalk across the train that will take me back to the end of the line.

Whendie *homo*, Los Angeles looks vacant. I walk around for four days straight wondering where everybody is, and that's a troubling something that I don't know about. **H**

Larry Charles

[continued from page 71] sense "God will be a government" three times a day He says we should make of this what we will). The security reports come in black. The city is oppressive, unbearable. I've decided that Times Square is where I must dance, whether without the masses. Finally Mabe emerges in costume, wearing long hair and some a longer braid. As a homeless man, Mabe looks like Luis Lazo Chiriz.

It's difficult to imagine how funny one would have to be in order to pull off what they have planned. The scale of Times Square is simply too large to serve as a playground for a lone stand-up comedian. Whatever Miller says here is going to drown in the vastness of the giant text columns in the anarchy on back and forth of the signs. He'll look crazy. Not funny crazy. Just crazy. And as waiting for his moment the milk crate and bag is empty once more.

But wait. It seems as though Maher doesn't want to do it. Or Charland doesn't want Maher to do it, or whatever has happened, it's clear that something's gone wrong or something is definitely not right, because nothing is happening as it should.

And then Charles disappears. A white van pulls to a stop at a corner across the street. Charles's assistant leans out of the window. Her walk is catlike and swishy, and she turns to me "Union Square," she says. "Meet us at Union Square." She climbs into the car and it is gone.

The subway to Union Square puts me there just in time to catch up with the war. Ben Charles is changing his to suit. I call him a novelist. "Change of place," he says. "Move us to the corner of Fifty-ninth and Fifth."

On the corner of Fifty-ninth and Fifth there is a store. There is nothing but whatchers in it. The Mean Hood. Fifty whoevers. People. No thought and no cover, no discretion, just people. I can find Charles anywhere.

I look for the where war. The city is full of them. I scan the streets for members of Charles's crew. Every twenty-five-year-old man who looks like a member of Charles's crew.

Oh, what a mess! Shouldn't the easy respect-the-slavery-guy with the long hair and shades, the guy making the movies, the one calling the shots. But the city is overflowing with gay coming-out videos, and the gayest of the gayest you look, it looks as though somebody's made gay a Larry Charles movie.

Or strange as it seems, look at that woman over there with the green hair and the very far-left dog. Check out the beautiful one-year-old potting with the humanist addition to front of the city store, or the horses and bunnies lined up along the margin of the park, blowing out tender little cold as their owners yell out on 8 phones. It's all kind of absurd and funny. It's all kind of hysterical. It's like somebody needs to be filming all this. Somebody should be disappointed with the center of all this, and not be concerned with it.

American Gothic

[illegible]

Sitting across from her, in my own large and ramly overstuffed chair, I told her what I'd heard a lot, especially from my own wife: "People don't understand, with your health the way it is, how John could keep running for president."

"I do do hear that from people who have cancer, or have someone close to them with cancer," Elizabeth said. "They say my mother had cancer or my husband had cancer or I have cancer, and I would do the same thing you're doing. It's almost universal. John has come to me. We wanted for me to tell him what I learned. I think he was probably relieved that I said what I said, honestly, but he wanted for me to say it. It was respecting my mother by saying it in this way."

"It is understanding paradoxically," she continued. "I said, 'Use your eye. Don't think what we're thinking to do. Both of us are probably more together at heart in this way."

When people think where we just don't know just about how well the students are working. We're more serious, you know. If they're going to be caught in it when I'm around. I sometimes do it when he's around, because it's scary. But he's, you know, he's really supportive, and that makes it easier for me. The last time, when we were at St. Louis—remember getting a checkup, John asked—quitting the disease about these. And the doctor told John, "Don't be afraid of a word and a sentence." And that gave me great comfort. It seemed that I did not have to let that stuff worry me too much. I could let it sit up his head—somebody else to carry the burden.

"The kids have twenty-one days until valedictorians, and then we start doing more things this summer. We're going to have a demolition of school next year, and they're going to be so

campaign. They'll have another We Are One night. I'm going to run it up, I'm going to do some campaigning, and we're going to have some fun too. The kids were on *poor Disney World* and I'm going to do that because, you know, I'm like to tell before I was or before they were on. One of the best things about this disease is there's a lot behind it! I want to say, and I'm going to get to do it all! I want them to think back on the times we had so magical

Another day, another white minivan full-
wards and I were in our same seats.

Our party was crawling southward on New York Avenue in Washington, D.C., going from a gathering of marchers near the Capitol dome to a gathering of scholars in the history land suburb of Silver Spring, Kentucky, the communications guy, was in the way back, along with Dave Medina, thirty-eight, Ed-wardsville political director. John Davis, thirty, the marketing chief of staff, was riding shotgun. As one point, Dave looked out the window wistfully and said: "If you go down that street about a track block, that's where I live."

Late May and Edwards was leading off Democratic efforts in Texas. Yet even as he was lauded for having the most concrete ideas in the race, this detailed plan for universal health care have not got Clinton and Obama to amend their own, with lesser numbers, Edwards wanting a bonanza in the press. The two 1408 Beverly Hills mansions that were mysteriously charged to the campaign's two presiding employers are

a New York hedge fund, the revelation that the bank large fees for speaking engagements—all of it has been discussed on his website.

"It's not only going a hypocrite," said Edwards looking at me, one of us seated, still disengaged. "The truth about us is that I came from a very narrow worldview. I early in my marriage Elizabeth and I had very few friends. We got financial success because I was a student of crises. So we had money but beyond that we would ever have experienced to love. And I think that part of our life, the financial life, is pretty privileged. You know, that house you were in is really my house. But I don't think either of us has believed that anything's changed about us."

"Yes, of course, having money giving people around the house who are not your own or who are not having to worry about it, as we might do and not having to worry about it, it's all true, though I thought for a moment that I was a hypocrite. But we are people. The people who are not working, they don't know, they've never been educated. They don't know me personally. That's what I really believe about this."

"Encouraged by the background I come from, I always feel a personal connection with people who are struggling. How can I not? I think if you were to look at the one of my life, and everyone's life has an arc, we'd have our arcs, you would find that mine has been about—well, let's say there's a beam about—standing up for the little guy. And that obviously includes the

poor and disadvantaged. I think that's always been with me. Even as a child I wanted to be a lawyer to help people. My mother's got an essay I wrote when I was in high school about

[illegible]

With that, the minivan crossed the driveway of the National Labor College, and Edwards bursted the top button of his shirt, tightened his tie.

"Zotz! Zotz!" he said to Medina, "you're not getting a shorter speech here!"

"Dodd and Biden spent yesterday. People
said they were too long."

"Loss of form of Hillary and Obama," David said gravely.

Then Edwards stepped down from the protective bubble of the white mansion and headed for the next speech. He had a lot more people to winnow. ■

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[illegible]

This Way Out

Summer Cocktails

BY BOB SCHEFFLER



OCEAN'S THIRTIETH

- Carve 1/2 on each of your choice of a dozen top-shelf squares
- Pour into a gift-wrapped crystal glass and set upon a fine linen tablecloth
- Admire
- Leave room



MINT ROMNEY

- 4 aprun mint
- 2 oz bourbon
- 2 tsp sugar
- Add mint, bourbon, sugar in a cocktail shaker
- Shake vigorously
- Strain, replace with tap water



BOMBAY STINGER

- 1 wedge lime
 - 1 chip sugar
 - 2 oz gin
 - 6 oz tonic
 - 1 F&K mixer
- Ship ingredients overnight to Kites Pub, Idaho - with instructions to blend and return
- Pour into tall glass
 - Garnish



PENSION FIZZLE

- 1 cup dry vermouth
- 1/2 cup hitters
- Mix vermouth and hitters with 1 tbsp cracked ice
- Drain into large glass
- Serve until sides are coated and liquid begins to evaporate
- Place handle of stirrer in mouth
- Sit down



RAY AREA COLLECT

- 1 oz orange juice
- 1 oz grapefruit
- 1 oz watermelon
- Serve with an asterisk



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